

Tracy Lawrence "Cards"

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"Cards"

Here's one from last August that came out of the blue
Says summer's been a scorcher baby and I'm still hot
on you
There must be twenty-five or more you signed them
everyone
Now I'm sittin' in this lonely room wonderin' what went
wrong
Now the cards'are on the table hallmark at its best
Valentines and anniversaries forever yours and all the
rest
I'm sortin' through these mem'ries still searching for a
clue
Now the cards're on the table and he's holding you
[piano]
The sun comes through the curtains but I'm still in the
dark
These cards that used to touch me are tearing me
apart
I'm torn between tossin' them away or back up on the
shelf
Guess my poor heart don't want to play the hand that
it's been dealt
Now the cards're on the table...
I'm sortin' through these mem'ries...

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